

"SPEARHEAD FROM SPACE"

by

ROBERT HOLMES

EPISODE TWO

PRODUCER.....PETER BRYANT  
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OUTSIDE REHEARSALS:

St. Helen's Church Hall, St. Helen's Gardens, W.10 LAD 5782

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CAST:

DOCTOR WHO  
LIZ  
LETHBRIDGE STEWART  
DOCTOR HENDERSON  
NURSE  
CAPTAIN MUNRO  
CORPORAL FORBES  
GENERAL SCOBIE  
CHANNING  
HIBBERT  
RANSOME  
SEELEY  
MEG  
DOCTOR BEAVIS  
N.S. EXTRAS (As directed)

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SETS:

HOSPITAL - SMALL LOCKER ROOM	}	HOSPITAL COMPOSITE
HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR		
HOSPITAL - PRIVATE WARD		
HOSPITAL - FOYER		
UNIT LAB		
FACTORY OFFICE		
FACTORY CENTRE		
COTTAGE		

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F.I.

TELECINE I:

Ext. Woodland. Day.

Reprise of the final  
moments of Episode One,  
as DOCTOR WHO collapses:

MUNRO bursts into  
the clearing.

MUNRO: What happened?

FORBES waves his  
carbine indicating  
DOCTOR WHO. MUNRO  
stoops over the body.

MUNRO looks furiously  
at FORBES.

FORBES: (DEFENSIVE) Gave us no  
warning sir.

MUNRO: How could he with his mouth  
taped?



MUNRO inspects the  
DOCTOR again, care-  
fully removing the  
tape from his mouth.

FORBES: Is he dead, sir?

MUNRO: Get a stretcher party on  
the double.

FORBES: Right, sir.

MUNRO bends over the  
DOCTOR again and on  
his prostrate form.

END TELECINE I.

I. INT. HOSPITAL FOYER. DAY.

(ON THE SOUND OF A CAR  
ARRIVING. MUNRO IS  
WAITING NEAR THE WINDOW.  
A CAR DOOR SLAMS. MUNRO  
NERVOUSLY TUGS AT HIS  
TUNIC AND TURNS TO THE  
DOORS AS LETHBRIDGE  
STEWART ENTERS. HE  
THROWS A SNAPPY SALUTE  
WHICH THE BRIGADIER  
RETURNS COLDLY)

BRIGADIER: Well, Munro?

MUNRO: There was a raid, sir.  
They tried to get him away ...

BRIGADIER: And succeeded.

MUNRO: Not entirely. He got  
away in the confusion and made for  
that police box -

BRIGADIER: And was shot by one of  
our sentries?

MUNRO: Yes sir. You authorised them to fire, sir. It was a very confused situation - the man panicked and ...

BRIGADIER: Alright, alright where is he now?

MUNRO: This way, sir.

2. INT. HOSPITAL PRIVATE WARD. DAY.

(DOCTOR WHO IS ON HIS BACK IN BED, SHEETS UP TO HIS CHIN, STILL UNCONSCIOUS. HENDERSON AND THE NURSE ARE TAKING AN ELECTRO-ENCEPHALAGRAM)

HENDERSON: Extraordinary! Look at this.

(SHE MOVES ROUND TO LOOK AT THE GRAPH)

NURSE: Nothing. It's not registering at all.

HENDERSON: Exactly. The brain is completely inactive.

(MUNRO AND THE BRIGADIER ENTER)

BRIGADIER: How is he?

HENDERSON: See for yourself.



(THE BRIGADIER LOOKS  
CLOSELY AT THE STILL  
BODY OF DOCTOR WHO.  
HE LOOKS UP, SLIGHTLY  
ALARMED)

BRIGADIER: Not dead surely?

HENDERSON: No.

BRIGADIER: (LOOKS AT DOCTOR WHO)  
Unconscious?

HENDERSON: He's more unconscious  
than anybody I've ever seen. Look  
at this E.E.G.

MUNRO: E.E.G?

(HENDERSON INDICATES  
THE MACHINE)

HENDERSON: This registers the  
electrical activity of the brain.  
Normally this line fluctuates con-  
siderably even when a patient is  
unconscious.

MUNRO: Not a lot going on, eh?

HENDERSON: Nothing whatsoever.  
Completely passive.

BRIGADIER: Perhaps that bullet  
has done more damage than you  
suspected?

HENDERSON: No, that only left a  
slight burn across the scalp. It  
can't account for this condition.

BRIGADIER: Then what is the cause?  
Could it be shock?

HENDERSON: Could be but I doubt  
it. He's in such a deep coma that  
I'd say it was self induced.

BRIGADIER: Is that possible?

HENDERSON: For you or me, no.  
But we're dealing here with a  
completely alien physiology. All  
I can do is guess.

BRIGADIER: Is it safe to move him?

HENDERSON: I honestly don't know,  
but I'd advise against it.

(LETHBRIDGE STEWART  
TAPS HIS SWAGGER  
STICK AGAINST HIS  
PALM THOUGHTFULLY.  
A BEAT)

BRIGADIER: Very well. You'll  
keep me informed of any change in  
his condition?

HENDERSON: Of course.

BRIGADIER: Thank you.

(HE TURNS, NODS TO  
THE CAPTAIN TO  
FOLLOW HIM)

HENDERSON: Oh, by the way!

(THEY TURN AT THE DOOR)

BRIGADIER: Yes?

HENDERSON: We found this in his  
hand when he was brought in.

(HE HANDS THE BRIGADIER  
A KEY)

We had to prise his fingers open.  
He was really hanging on to it.



BRIGADIER: Yes, he would do.  
Thank you very much Doctor ...

(HE SLIPS THE KEY  
INTO HIS POCKET.  
HE AND MUNRO EXIT)

3. INT. HOSPITAL FOYER. DAY.

(A UNIT SOLDIER IS  
STANDING GUARD OVER  
AN AMMUNITION BOX.  
LETHBRIDGE STEWART  
AND MUNRO ENTER)

BRIGADIER: The police box is on  
its way back to Headquarters, so  
you can double the guard here.

MUNRO: Very good, sir.

BRIGADIER: Where is this meteorite  
your chaps found?

MUNRO: Here sir.

(MUNRO MOVES TO GUARD.  
HE TAKES THE LID OFF  
THE AMMUNITION BOX.  
THE BRIGADIER KNEELS  
DOWN BESIDE HIM)

MUNRO: All we could find, sir. It  
must have broken up when it hit the  
ground.

(LETHBRIDGE STEWART  
TAKES OUT A PIECE  
OF SHINY MATERIAL.  
IT LOOKS SOMETHING  
LIKE ROUGHLY FUSED  
GLASS)



BRIGADIER: (SURPRISED) It's ...  
light. Very light.

MUNRO: Some sort of plastic, sir?

(LETHBRIDGE STEWART  
NODS, SNIFFING AT  
IT DUBIOUSLY BEFORE  
RETURNING IT TO THE  
BOX)

BRIGADIER: Possibly. I'll take  
it back with me. Have it taken to  
my car.

MUNRO: Yes sir.

BRIGADIER: Keep a twenty four  
hour guard. It's possible these  
people might try again.

MUNRO: Right sir.

BRIGADIER: Anyone get a good look  
at them?

MUNRO: We've got a picture of one  
of them. He was here earlier,  
posing as a reporter.

(HE PRODUCES A PHOTOGRAPH.)

INSERT: STILL PICTURE  
SHOWING CHANNING STANDING  
NEXT TO LIZ)

BRIGADIER: How did you get this?

MUNRO: I checked on all the Press  
men sir. One of the photographers  
took that shot when you arrived  
with Miss Shaw. Doctor Henderson  
says this mad lead the raiding  
party.

BRIGADIER: (HANDS PHOTO BACK)  
What about the others?

MUNRO: Only got a glimpse of them  
sir. There was something odd about  
their faces.

(HOLD ON THE PHOTO  
OF CHANNING)

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Plastics Factory.  
Day.

We see a young man,  
RANSOME, drive up to  
the factory gates.  
He stops his car and  
looks up at the sign  
'Auto Plastics' on the  
gates.

He heaves a determined  
sigh and drives on  
through the gates and  
into the factory yard.

Int. Plastics Factory.  
Day.

We see the automated  
machinery of the  
plastic factory in  
action. Various parts  
of plastic dolls being  
extruded, arms, legs,  
torsos ... An eerie  
and rather sinister  
process.

We see RANSOME being  
led through the factory  
by a PRETTY SECRETARY.  
As they come close to  
the camera RANSOME stops  
and looks around.

RANSOME: Lot of changes. You're  
new aren't you?

He smiles at the GIRL.  
Her pretty face remains  
impassive. She turns  
and walks on. He  
follows.

NEW ANGLE:

The far end of the factory floor. The GIRL leads RANSOME in. He stops again outside a door with a Strictly Private notice on it.

RANSOME: That's my workshop - or rather it was!

He looks at the GIRL for an explanation.

RANSOME: What the devil's been going on here?

The GIRL turns abruptly and walks on. RANSOME remains for a moment looking puzzled and slightly angrily, around the factory. He turns and follows the GIRL. As he does so we lose him and ZOOM IN to see CHANNING watching him across the factory floor.

END TELECINE 2.

4. INT. FACTORY OFFICE. DAY.

(HIBBERT, A MAN OF ABOUT FORTY TO FORTY-FIVE, IS SEATED AT HIS DESK. HE IS TALKING INTO HIS INTERCOM)

HIBBERT: Yes - send him in.(cont ...)

(HE FLICKS OFF THE INTERCOM AND SITS BACK IN HIS SEAT. THERE IS A BRIEF PAUSE THEN THE DOOR OPENS AND RANSOME ENTERS, CARRYING HIS BRIEFCASE)



- 15 -  
HIBBERT: (cont) John - come in ...  
We weren't expecting you.

RANSOME: Weren't you?

(HE TAKES A LETTER  
OUT OF HIS BRIEF-  
CASE AND SLAPS IT  
ON THE DESK IN  
FRONT OF HIBBERT)

What's all this about?

HIBBERT: The letter explains  
everything.

RANSOME: It explains nothing!

(HE PRODUCES A MOVING  
DOLL AND DUMPS IT ON  
HIBBERT'S DESK)

When I invented this doll you  
promised me full backing. You sent  
me to the States to interest the  
Americans in joint production. You  
said if it all worked out you'd  
make me a partner ...

(HE PRODUCES A BATCH  
OF PAPERS)

Well - here it is! Agreements all  
ready to sign ... advance orders,  
the lot! And what do I find on the  
mat when I get home? A letter  
giving me the push!

(DURING ALL THIS SPEECH  
HIBBERT HAS BEEN SITTING  
MOTIONLESS AND IMPASSIVE)

We worked on this pocket together.  
You helped me finish the designs.  
Now you put the chop on it, just  
like that ... For heavens sake man,  
you owe me some kind of explanation.

(HIBBERT BEGINS TO  
LOOK DISTRESSED)

HIBBERT: There were reasons for  
the decision - excellent reasons ...  
I can't explain.

RANSOM: Why not? Why can't you?

HIBBERT: We've ... we have  
changed our policy.

RANSOME: That doll was the best  
thing we ever came up with - you  
said yourself there was a fortune  
in it.

(HIBBERT STARTS TO  
LOOK DAZED. HE  
RUBS HIS HEAD)

HIBBERT: It's the new policy. We've  
got a new policy. We've changed  
everything.

RANSOME: I'll say you have. The  
whole layout of the factory floor  
is different. And my workshop -  
what's in there now?

HIBBERT: Stay away from there  
John!

RANSOME: But what about my  
equipment?

HIBBERT: We ... we will send  
it to you.

RANSOME: (FURIOUS) Just like that.

HIBBERT: I don't think you should  
have come here John. You must  
go away - at once. It isn't safe.

(HIBBERT SPEAKS IN  
TONES OF NORMAL  
HUMAN WARMTH - OBVIOUSLY  
ALMOST HIS OLD SELF)

RANSOME: What's the matter?  
(NO ANSWER) You keep saying 'we'  
- we've got a new policy' ...  
Who's we?

(THE DOOR OPENS AND  
CHANNING ENTERS.  
RANSOME LOOKS AT  
HIM. CHANNING  
IS SILENT. HIBBERT  
SEEMS TO MASTER HIS  
CONFUSION. ONCE  
MORE HE IS COLD,  
IMPERSONAL)

HIBBERT: There is no point in going  
on with this. Goodbye Mr. Ransome.

(RANSOME LOOKS FROM  
HIBBERT TO CHANNING.  
CHANNING OPENS THE  
DOOR)

RANSOME: (MAKING A LAST ATTEMPT)  
Look, if there's anything wrong -  
perhaps I can help you...

HIBBERT: There's nothing wrong.  
My letter explained everything.  
Goodbye.

(RANSOME SHRUGS AND  
GOES TO THE DOOR.  
HE STOPS, AND LOOKS  
AT CHANNING CURIOUSLY,  
THEN GOES OUT)

TELECINE 3:

Int. Plastics Factory.  
Day.



RANSOME enters SHOT.  
He is obviously furious  
and confused. He stops  
outside the door marked  
Strictly Private.

He looks curiously at  
it then tries to open it.  
It is locked.

He goes. We see  
CHANNING watching again.

5. INT. UNIT LAB. DAY:

(LIZ IS ABSORBED, CARRYING  
OUT CHEMICAL REACTION TESTS  
ON THE SUSPECTED METEORITE.  
THE BRIGADIER ENTERS)

BRIG: Am I interrupting?

LIZ: Yes.

BRIG: Getting on all right?

LIZ: Fine...Justfine.

BRIG: You've found out what it's  
made of?

LIZ: No. But it isn't a meteorite.

BRIG: You've established that  
much?

LIZ: Meteorites are the debris  
from comets. This has been  
manufactured.

BRIG: And it's come from space?

LIZ: There are some faint traces  
of heat fusion - it's possible...

BRIG: Still sceptical?

LIZ: And you -- you really believe in a man who's already helped to save the world twice? With the power to transform his physical appearance?

BRIG: I'm not sure yet -- it may not be the same man...

LIZ: An alien who travels through time and space in a police box?

BRIG: (VERY DRY) The Tardis isn't a police box. It merely resembles one.

LIZ: Of course.

BRIG: I thought I might have it brought in here for examination.

LIZ: Why not? It's always handy to have an extra telephone, isn't it?

BRIG: (LEAVING) Thank you Miss Shaw...

(LIZ LOOKS UP IN  
'GIVE ME STRENGTH'  
FASHION AND TURNS  
BACK TO HER BENCH  
AS WE CUT TO)

6. INT. FACTORY OFFICE. DAY.

(CHANNING, VERY ALOOF,  
AND HIBBERT, SEEMING  
SUBSERVIENT NOW AND  
RATHER ANXIOUS)

HIBBERT: But it's not easy -- I mean, he'd worked here for eight years --

CHANNING: The correct letter would have fashioned his reaction. Let me remind you again: words are merely signals to the brain. Send the right signals and you can determine the brain's responses.

HIBBERT: It's not as easy as you make it sound. People are not always predictable.

CHANNING: That can only be because of a failure in method.

HIBBERT: It's all becoming... difficult.

(HIBBERT IS CONFUSED AND DISTRESSED BY THE MEMORY OF HIS MEETING WITH RANSOME.

CHANNING APPROACHES HIBBERT)

CHANNING: All you have to do is to continue running the factory as though nothing had changed - that is your sole concern, Hibbert ...Do you understand?

(CHANNING NOW DOMINATES HIBBERT IN AN ALMOST HYPNOTIC WAY)

HIBBERT: I understand.

CHANNING: Good. Two energy units are still missing. They must have landed in soft ground. Their pulsations are not being received.

HIBBERT: How do we locate them then?

CHANNING: If they are not found within a given time they increase their pulsation signals.

HIBBERT: You speak of these energy units as if they were living things.



CHANNING: (STROKING THE GLOBE  
HIS FACE IMPASSIVE)

CHANNING: Energy is a form of life.

7. INT. COTTAGE. DAY.

(SEELEY PULLS OUT A  
HEAVY METAL TRUNK.  
IT IS PADLOCKED.  
HE CROSSES TO THE  
MANTELPiece, UPTURNS  
A BRASS CANDLEHOLDER  
AND THE KEY DROPS INTO  
HIS PALM. HE UNDOES  
THE PADLOCK, OPENS  
THE TRUNK, THROWS ASIDE  
SOME RAGS AND REVEALS  
A FAINTLY GLOWING  
ENERGY UNIT. HE LIFTS  
IT FROM THE TRUNK,  
EYING IT WITH  
REVERENTIAL ADMIRATION)

SEELEY: (STROKING THE GLOBE  
GENTLY) You're worth a few pound,  
I'll warrant. I'll hang on to you  
till they get real keen - put  
the price up a bit!

(THE GLOBE STARTS TO  
PULSE WITH A PURPLISH  
BLUE INNER LIGHT.  
SEELEY STARES AT IT  
IN FASCINATED WONDER)

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Woodland. Day.

An AUTON is standing  
immobile under the  
trees. It is clad  
in workman's type overalls.

After a second or two it starts to turn, the whole head and body as one entity, rather stiff but not with robot-like jerkiness. The AUTON turns in a half circle, hesitates, swings back 90 degrees, hesitates again... Finally turns a few degrees further then moves off on the line it has pointed. It deviates off-course for nothing. The rotten branch of a tree straight ahead of it is snapped off as the AUTON moves forward...

8. INT. COTTAGE, DAY.

(SEELEY JERKS ROUND  
AS A DOOR BANGS AND  
A WOMAN'S VOICE CALLS  
OUT)

MEG: (VO) Sam? ... You in yet?

(HE HEAVES OPEN THE  
LID OF THE TRUNK  
AGAIN BUT THE ENERGY  
UNIT HAMPERS HIS  
EFFORT AND THE LID  
CLANGS SHUT AGAIN)

What you doing in there?

(HE HASTILY PUTS THE  
UNIT ON A CHAIR AND  
LIFTS THE TRUNK LID.  
BUT BEFORE HE CAN  
REPLACE THE UNIT HIS  
WIFE ENTERS. HE  
STRAIGHTENS GUILTILY  
AND TRIES TO HIDE  
THE ENERGY UNIT  
WITH HIS BODY.

MEG IS IN HER MID  
FORTIES, A THIN,  
DEPRESSED LOOKING  
WOMAN IN A CHURCH  
JUMBLES SALE COAT.

SHE REGARDS HIM  
SUSPICIOUSLY)

MEG: (cont) Why didn't you answer me?

SEELEY: Never heard you come in.

MEG: What you doing with that old box?

SEELEY: Nothin' .

MEG: Sam Seeley - you ain't been thieving again have you? Cos if you have...

SEELEY: Oh that's nice in't it? Eh? Accusing your own husband...

(SHE OPENS THE LID OF  
THE TRUNK AND LOOKS  
SUSPICIOUSLY INSIDE)

Satisfied?

MEG: Hm...

SEELEY: Then go and get me some grub woman, I'm hungry!

(SHE LOOKS AT HIM A  
MOMENT LONGER, SNIFFS  
AND EXITS. HE PEEPS  
AFTER HER TO SATISFY  
HIMSELF THAT SHE HAS  
GONE THEN TAKES THE  
UNIT AND PUTS IT BACK  
IN THE BOX, CLOSES  
THE LID)

TELECINE 5:

Ext. Woodland. Day.

The AUTON suddenly stops,  
casts around as if  
seeking a lost scent.



9. INT. HOSPITAL PRIVATE WARD. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR STILL LIES  
SEEMINGLY UNCONSCIOUS  
ON THE BED. HENDERSON  
IS EXAMINING HIM. THE  
NURSE IS ALSO PRESENT)

HENDERSON: Still no change ...  
well, Dr. Beavis is on his way  
down specially to examine him.

(HENDERSON GOES TO THE  
DOOR AND LOOKS AT THE  
DOCTOR)

And I wonder what our high and  
mighty consultant will make of  
you my friend? You two ought  
to get on very well...our Dr.  
Beavis's more than a little  
eccentric himself!

(THE NURSE TRIES NOT  
TO SMILE. HENDERSON  
GRINS AT HER AND EXITS.  
THE NURSE STRAIGHTENS  
THE DOCTOR'S PILLOWS  
THEN SHE TOO EXITS.  
AFTER A MOMENT THE  
DOCTOR'S EYES SNAP  
OPEN. HE SITS UP,  
COMPLETELY ALERT)

DOCTOR WHO: Clothes! I wonder  
where they put my clothes...

10. INT. UNIT LABORATORY. DAY.

(THE TARDIS HAS BEEN  
INSTALLED IN A CORNER  
OF THE LABORATORY. THE  
BRIGADIER AND LIZ ARE  
LOOKING AT IT)

LIZ: Now all you have to do is  
borrow a key from the police.

BRIG: I've got a key here. (HE  
PRODUCES IT) Henderson found it  
in the Doctor's hand.

(A BUZZER SOUNDS.  
THE BRIGADIER GOES  
TO THE INTERCOM)

Lethbridge Stewart.

VOICE: (FILTER) Major General  
Scobie to see you, sir.

BRIG: Scobie? What on earth...  
All right, show him up. (TO LIZ)  
He's our liason officer with the  
regular army. Got to keep in with  
him.

LIZ: You don't expect me to salute  
him, I hope?

BRIG: If you could bring yourself  
to be a little less astringent,  
Miss shaw.

LIZ: I didn't ask to come here -  
remember?

(A BRIEF KNOCK AT THE  
DOOR)

SCOBIE: (ENTERING) Sorry to  
interrupt, Stewart -

BRIG: You're not, sir. Always a  
pleasure to see you.

SCOBIE: This meteorite operation - anything further?

BRIG: Not much, I'm afraid. We've found the fragments of one, though - Miss Shaw is studying them.

(SCOBIE LOOKS AT LIZ  
AND AT THE PIECES OF  
COLOURLESS PLASTIC  
ON THE BENCH.)

SCOBIE LOOKS ADMIRINGLY  
AT LIZ)

Miss Shaw, General Scobie.

SCOBIE: How d'you do. Lucky fella Stewart having a pretty face around the place.

BRIG: She's not just a pretty face sir.

SCOBIE: No...no.

(HE TURNS TO  
BRIG)

Newspapers seem to have gone wild over this business.

(SCOBIE NOTICES THE  
TARDIS IN THE CORNER.  
HE TURNS TO THE  
BRIGADIER)

My dear chap. What are you doing with a police box?

BRIG: Well sir, I ...

LIZ: Camouflage, General. It isn't really a police box. It's a space ship!



(SCOBIE LOOKS AT HER  
NOT QUITE SURE HOW  
TO TAKE HER REPARTIE)

TELECINE 6:

Ext. Hospital Gates.

FORBES steps out into  
path of a Rolls Royce  
and flags it down.  
DR. BEAVIS hands  
identification and a  
SOLDIER opens gates for  
the car to continue  
up the drive.

BEAVIS is wearing an  
inverness cape a broad  
brimmed hat.

Down the drive comes a  
landrover, screeches to  
a halt beside FORBES,  
MUNRO looks out.

MUNRO: Hop in, Corporal.

FORBES: Sir?

MUNRO: Hurry man. Section Three  
have turned up one of these met-  
eorites.

FORBES gets in beside  
MUNRO and vehicle  
accelerates away.

END TELECINE 6:

11. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, DAY.

(THE DOCTOR, STILL IN  
HIS HOSPITAL GOWN POPS  
HIS HEAD CAUTIOUSLY  
FROM HIS ROOM.

HE ENTERS THE CORRIDOR,  
THEN HEARS PEOPLE  
APPROACHING. HE LEAPS  
INTO THE LOCKER ROOM.

HENDERSON AND BEAVIS  
COME ALONG THE CORRIDOR)

HENDERSON: Good journey down  
sir?

BEAVIS: Terrible! All these new  
fangled cars on the road - no  
sense of dignity these modern  
motorists!

(HENDERSON HIDES HIS  
SMILES STOPS OUTSIDE  
THE LOCKER ROOM)

HENDERSON: In here sir.

(HE HOLDS OPEN THE  
LOCKER ROOM DOOR AND  
HE AND BEAVIS ENTER)

(on to page 24 and scene 12)

12. INT. LOCKER ROOM. DAY.

(THIS IS A SMALL  
DRESSING ROOM FOR  
DOCTORS.

THERE ARE SEVERAL  
LOCKERS, A COUPLE  
OF CHAIRS, WASH BASIN.

HENDERSON AND BEAVIS  
ENTER)

BEAVIS: What are all those toy  
soldiers playing at?

HENDERSON: They found the patient,  
sir.

BEAVIS: And shot him, eh?

HENDERSON: Yes, it was rather  
unfortunate. He was ...

BEAVIS: Typical!

(HENDERSON HELPS HIM  
OFF WITH HIS CAPE)

I left my car outside the main  
entrance. They won't go crashing  
about with guns and things near  
it will they?

HENDERSON: It'll be alright, sir.  
Perhaps you'd care to come to my  
office and we can discuss the  
patients' records before you  
examine him, sir.

BEAVIS: Good idea - could do  
with a cup of tea too.



(HENDERSON HAS HUNG  
THE CAPE AND HAT IN  
ONE OF THE LOCKERS.

HE AND BEAVIS EXIT)

HENDERSON: (AS THEY GO) This is  
a most unusual case sir, I've  
never seen anything like it before  
...

(THE DOOR CLOSES.

A BRIEF PAUSE, THEN  
A LOCKER OPENS AND  
DOCTOR WHO PEEPS  
OUT.

HE LOOKS INTO THE  
LOCKERS AND FINDS  
BEAVIS'S CLOTHES.  
HE CHECKS THROUGH  
ALL THE OTHER LOCKERS  
AND HURLS THE CLOTHES  
HE FINDS ONTO THE  
FLOOR BESIDE HIM.

HE BEGINS TO MAKE  
HIS SELECTION)

TELECINE 7:

Ext. Woodland. Day.

We see a GROUP of  
U.N.I.T. SOLDIERS  
carefully digging a  
small hole.

They extract one of  
the energy units.

As they extract it  
from the hole, it  
starts to pulsate  
with light.

NEW ANGLE: Another  
part of the Area.

We see the Auton.  
It stops, as though  
hearing something,  
turns round, pauses  
and then starts off  
rapidly through the  
undergrowth.

NEW ANGLE: The GROUP  
of U.N.I.T. MEN are  
carrying the energy  
unit carefully towards  
a landrover parked in  
a country lane.

MUNRO approaches them.

The unit is held by  
ONE SOLDIER - it has  
been placed carefully  
in a cardboard box,  
nestling on a bed of  
cotton wool and looking  
rather like an egg.

MUNRO looks at it,  
then at FORBES.

MUNRO: Weird looking thing ...

FORBES: Yes sir ...

MUNRO: Get it into the vehicle  
and back to the U.N.I.T. labs  
right away. I'll radio the good  
news to the Brigadier.

FORBES: Right sir.

MUNRO leaves.

FORBES turns to the  
OTHER MEN.

FORBES: Right fellas - over here,  
careful like eh?

The MEN move towards  
the landrover with  
the energy unit.

END TELECINE 7.

13. INT. LOCKER ROOM. DAY.

(DOCTOR WHO IS NOW  
DRESSED IN DARK  
TROUSERS, A FRILLY  
FRONTED SHIRT AND  
IS IN THE PROCESS  
OF TYING HIS FLOPPY  
TIE.

DOCTOR WHO PREENS  
HIMSELF, OBVIOUSLY  
PLEASED WITH THE  
RESULT OF HIS  
VARIOUS IF RATHER  
ODD FINDS OF CLOTHING.

HE DONS THE CAPE  
AND FINALLY THE HAT.  
HE LOOKS AT HIMSELF  
IN THE MIRROR,  
STRIKES SEVERAL  
POSES AND DURING  
THIS FINDS THE  
KEYS OF BEAVIS'S  
CAR IN A POCKET IN  
THE ULSTER.

HE BEAMS WITH DE-  
LIGHT, AND TURNS  
TO THE DOOR.

AS HE OPENS IT,  
WE HEAR VOICES  
(OUTSIDE)

BEAVIS: (O.O.V) But the man  
must be a freak!

HENDERSON: (O.O.V) I assure you  
sir that everything on that report  
has been checked and double-checked.

(DOCTOR WHO GENTLY  
CLOSES THE DOOR.

THEN HE GRABS HIS  
OLD COAT AND STARTS  
TRANSFERRING VARIOUS  
MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS  
FROM IT TO THE POCKETS  
OF HIS NEW ONE.

ONE OF THEM IS AN  
OBJECT LIKE AN OLD-  
FASHIONED TURNIP  
WATCH.

HE LOOKS AT THIS  
WITH SOME SATIS-  
FACTION BEFORE  
STOWING IT AWAY)

14. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY.



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(WE SEE BEAVIS AND  
HENDERSON WALKING  
DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

HENDERSON: These anomalies are  
completely inexplicable!

BEAVIS: Well let's go and see  
this ... this freak. I shan't  
believe it until I see it with  
my own eyes!

(THEY HEAD TOWARDS  
THE PRIVATE WARD  
ROOM.

THE DOCTOR OPENS  
THE DOOR OF THE  
LOCKER ROOM AND  
SCURRIES DOWN THE  
CORRIDOR PAST CAMERA.

AFTER A BRIEF MCMENT  
THE DOOR OF THE PRIVATE  
WARD, WHICH HENDERSON  
AND BEAVIS WENT INTO,  
OPENS AND HENDERSON  
RUSHES OUT)

HENDERSON: Nurse!

(BEAVIS FOLLOWS HIM  
OUT)

BEAVIS: Look here man, is this  
some sort of prank? Where is this  
patinet?

HENDERSON: That's what I'd like  
to know. Nurse!

TELECINE 8:

Ext. Hospital Entrance..  
Day.

DOCTOR WHO climbs  
into Beavis's car,  
starts up and drives  
off.

END TELECINE 8.

15. INT. UNIT LABORATORY. DAY.

(THE BRIGADIER SLAMS  
DOWN THE TELEPHONE)

BRIGADIER: They've let him  
escape again!

LIZ: Your mysterious Doctor?

BRIGADIER: I am surrounded by  
idiots! Oh, well - at least he  
won't get very far.

LIZ: You mean before your men  
shoot him again?

BRIGADIER: I don't find that  
funny! (CROSSES TO TARDIS) With-  
out this machine the Doctor is  
stuck. He can't leave earth.

LIZ: You were about to open  
it ...

BRIGADIER: Yes ...

(HE TAKES OUT THE  
KEY AND LOOKS AT  
IT)

LIZ: I think you should. There  
might be a policeman locked inside.

(THE BRIGADIER FITS  
THE KEY INTO THE  
DOOR, BUT IS UNABLE  
TO TURN IT)

BRIGADIER: That's odd.

LIZ: Wrong key?

BRIGADIER: Then why had he got it in his hand?

LIZ: Well, if it's the right key there's only one other explanation.

BRIGADIER: What's that?

LIZ: Your idiots have brought you the wrong police box.

(THE BRIGADIER IGNORES THIS)

BRIGADIER: One consolation though ...

LIZ: I'm so glad ...

BRIGADIER: They've found one of those meteorites - a whole one this time. It's on it's way here now ...

TELECINE 9:

Ext. Woodland Track.  
Day.

The landrover heading slowly down the track.

Windscreen view: the track ahead. Suddenly a FIGURE steps out of the bushes and stands slap in front of the approaching vehicle.

FORBES pounds his hooter.

He wrenches the wheel over in an attempt to avoid the FIGURE in the road.

The vehicle swerves madly and heads for the ditch at the side of the road.



NEW ANGLE: The AUTON,  
C.U. of his EXPRESSION-  
LESS FACE, as we hear  
the smash of the  
vehicle.

The AUTON moves for-  
ward.

NEW ANGLE: The  
crashed landrover.  
FORBES is slumped  
across the wheel.

The AUTON gives him  
a brief glance, then  
moves to the back of  
the vehicle. He takes  
the energy unit from  
its box, turns and  
goes.

END TELESCINE 9.

16. INT. FACTORY CENTRE. DAY.

(CHANNING CHECKING  
HIS EQUIPMENT.

A LIGHT FLASHES OVER  
THE DOOR.

HE GOES TO IT AND  
UNHOOKS A SPEAKER)

CHANNING: Yes?

HIBBERT: (FILTER) Hibbert.

(CHANNING PRESSES  
A BUTTON.

THE DOOR SLIDES  
OPEN.

HIBBERT ENTERS)

General Scobie will be here soon.

CHANNING: I know. I have almost  
finished. (cont ...)

(HIBBERT GLANCES  
CURIOUSLY AT THE  
COFFIN STRUCTURE)

CHANNING: (cont) I shall need  
some more carbon disulphide to-  
morrow.

HIBBERT: I'll arrange for a  
delivery.

CHANNING: It will be best if you  
stay out of this section from now  
on. It may not be safe in future  
...

HIBBERT: (LOOKS AT COFFIN) You  
mean because of that -

CHANNING: The autons are not  
selective. If you come in here  
without my protection you could  
be killed.

HIBBERT: I thought you had control  
over them? You told me they were  
just walking weapons.

CHANNING: I can control them but  
their over-riding function is to  
kill. And you will appear as just  
another target. Stay out of this  
section.

TELECINE 10:

Multi-Storey Car Park.  
Day.

DOCTOR WHO drives  
up the ramp, in  
Beavis's car, and  
Beavis's clothes.

The ATTENDANT at  
the barrier comes  
forward suspiciously.

DOCTOR WHO beams at  
him.

END TELECINE 10.

17. INT. UNIT LABORATORY. DAY.

(LETHBRIDGE STEWART  
IS ON THE TELEPHONE)

BRI GADIER: You say the thing  
was flashing?

MUNRO: (FILTER) Yes, sir. Like  
a - well, a beacon, sir.

BRI GADIER: And it wasn't any-  
where near the crash?

MUNRO: No Sir - we searched the  
whole area.

BRI GADIER: Cordon off the entire  
wood. I'll send another company  
of men down and we'll go through  
that area with a toothcomb.

MUNRO: (FILTER) Right, sir.

(THE BRIGADIER HANG UP)

LIZ: Trouble?

BRIGADIER: (SLOWLY) Somebody -  
or something - doesn't want us to  
get hold of any of these meteorites.

(THE BUZZER GOES.

HE BANGS THE INTER-  
COM SWITCH)

Yes?

VOICE: (FILTER) There's a man  
here, sir, says he's the doctor  
or something - says there's some  
property of his here ...

BRIGADIER: The Doctor?

VOICE: (FILTER) Yes, sir. He says you know him.

BRIGADIER: Send him up at once.  
(TO LIZ) How the deuce has he found this place?

LIZ: Is this your mysterious man with the police box.

BRIGADIER: Yes.

(HE CROSSES TO THE  
DOOR AND OPENS IT,  
AS DOCTOR WHO  
STRIDES IN)

DOCTOR WHO: Ah, my dear chap!  
I can see you're wondering how I found you.

BRIGADIER: Yes.

(DOCTOR WHO PRODUCES  
THE OBJECT RATHER LIKE  
A TURNIP WATCH.

IT TICKS LOUDER AND  
LOUDER, AS HE APPROACHES  
THE TARDIS)

DOCTOR WHO: Fortunately I had this, you see. It homes on the Tardis - picks up radiations from certain elements unknown on this planet. (CROSSES TO TARDIS) How kind of you to take care of it for me. Do you happen to have the key?

BRIGADIER: I do ... but it doesn't work.

DOCTOR WHO: It will for me.  
Let me try.



BRIGADIER: Not so fast. I've a lot of questions to ask you -

DOCTOR WHO: Questions? My dear Brigadier, it's not a bit of use asking me questions. I've lost my memory, you see -

BRIGADIER: Lost your memory?

DOCTOR WHO: Or had it taken. The effect is the same. (TAPS HEAD) Great gaps to be filled.

BRIGADIER: I see. So you claim to be suffering from partial amnesia -

DOCTOR WHO: Oh dear, you always did want things spelling out.

BRIGADIER: You also claim to be the man I knew as the Doctor. And yet your face is entirely different. How do I know you're not an imposter?

DOCTOR WHO: Ah, but you don't, you don't! Only I know that. Do you like my new face, by the way? (LOOKS INTO A MIRROR) I wasn't too sure about it myself at first but it's very flexible. It'll be useful on the planet Delphon where they communicate with their eye-brows ... Now that's strange, isn't it? How did I remember that.

(THE BRIGADIER IS GROGGY)

BRIGADIER: All right, Doctor. If I accept all that, there are still things to explain - oh, this is Miss Shaw.

(DOCTOR WHO IS STILL WAGGLING HIS EYE-BROWS AT THE MIRROR)

DOCTOR WHO: That's Delphon for 'now d'you do?' ... Miss Shaw. Delighted.

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LIZ: (SHAKING HANDS) What are you a doctor of, by the way?

DOCTOR WHO: Practically everything, my dear.

BRIGADIER: From what we can gather, you arrived last night in the middle of a shower of meteorites -

DOCTOR WHO: How exciting! Did I really?

BRIGADIER: Well, objects from space at any rate. You realise I can't let you leave here until I'm sure there is no connection -

DOCTOR WHO: But I've no recollection of last night! That's most unfair. I don't know what happened on my arrival ... What are these?

(HIS ATTENTION HAS  
BEEN DISTRACTED  
TO THE BENCH)

LIZ: Those are bits of what the Brigadier thought might be a meteorite.

DOCTOR WHO: Plastic?

LIZ: It's not thermo-plastic and neither is it thermo-setting. And there are no polymer chains.

(DOCTOR WHO WEIGHS THE  
FRAGMENTS IN HIS HAND)

DOCTOR WHO: Most interesting. I wonder what was inside.

LIZ: Inside?

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DOCTOR WNO: Well, it's obvious from the shape - this was a hollow sphere.

(HE IS WORKING DEFTLY,  
MOVING THE FRAGMENTS  
INTO A PILE)

Yes, the space in the centre was about three thousand cubic centimetres, don't you agree?

(LIZ LOOKS AT HIM  
WITH RESPECT)

LIZ: It's incredibly tough, whatever it is.

DOCTOR WHO: The actual material isn't as important as what is contained, of course.

BRIGADIER: You're going to help us, Doctor?

DOCTOR WHO: If I do, will you give me the key to the Tardis?

BRIGADIER: Possibly.

DOCTOR WNO: (NODS) Then go away and let Miss Shaw and I get on with our work, there's a good fellow. (TO LIZ) Do I have to call you Miss Shaw?

(LIZ SMILES. SHE HAS  
TAKEN TO DOCTOR WHO)

LIZ: Just Liz.

DOCTOR WHO: Splendid. (TURNS TO BRIGADIER) Tell me, have many of these things come down?

BRIGADIER: Eighteen or twenty as near as we can estimate.

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DOCTOR WHO: And you've found fragments of only one? No whole ones?

BRIGADIER: One yes -- but there was an accident, it's ... missing.

DOCTOR WHO: The answer's obvious, isn't it? Before your search party arrived the rest of these things were collected.

(HE LOOKS UP AT THEM)

Collected and taken somewhere.  
Question is - where?

TELECINE 11:

Ext. Woodland. Day.

RANSOME is moving furtively through the woods. He comes to a high wire-link fence.

There are notices:  
"Private" and "Security Sector" and "Keep Out".

RANSOME looks about him and then unwraps a heavy pair of wire cutters. He starts to work, cutting a hole in the fence.

END TELECINE 11.

18. INT. FACTORY OFFICE. DAY.

(CHANKING, HIBBERT AND SCOBIE.

THEY ARE STANDING ROUND A MODEL, WHICH IS A ROUGH LIKENESS OF SCOBIE. HE IS TRYING NOT TO LOOK DISAPPOINTED)



HIBBERT: I must explain this is only a rough approximation, General.

SCOBIE: Well, it does seem to need a few finishing touches.

CHANNING: That is why we asked you here, General. Our measuring techniques are very accurate but the equipment isn't transportable.

SCOBIE: I see. Well, I hope it turns out all right.

CHANNING: It will, General, I assure you. Now if you'll come this way ...?

TELECINE 12:

Ext. Plastic's Factory.  
Day.

We see RANSOME making his way cautiously across the factory compound.

He enters the premises.

NEW ANGLE:

Int. Plastics Factory.

RANSOME enters and carefully makes his way through the Machine Area. We see the machines relentlessly churning out plastic limbs.

NEW ANGLE: RANSOME comes into SHOT and approaches the door marked 'Strictly Private'.

He takes out a crowbar and begins to force the door.

END TELECINE 12.